

The MAN NOBODY KNEW BY HOLWORTHY HALL.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a base hospital at Neuilly, France, his face disfigured beyond recognition, an American soldier serving in the French army attracts attention by his deep despondency. Asked by the surgeons for a photograph to guide them in making over his face, he offers in derision a picture of the Savior, bidding them take that as a model. They do so, making a remarkable likeness.

CHAPTER II.—Invalided home, on the boat he meets Martin Harmon, New York broker, who is attracted by his remarkable features. The ex-soldier gives his name as "Henry Hilliard," and his home as Syracuse, New York. He left there under a cloud, and is embittered against his former fellow townsmen. Harmon makes him a proposition to sell mining stocks in Syracuse, concealing his identity. He accepts it, seeing in it a chance to make good and prove he has been underevaluated.

CHAPTER III.—In Syracuse "Hilliard" (in reality Richard Morgan) is accepted as a stranger. He visits James Cullen, a former employer, relating a story of the death of Richard Morgan, and is surprised at the regret shown by Cullen and his youthful daughter, Angela. While at the Cullen home Carol Durant, Morgan's former fiancée, makes a call.

CHAPTER IV.—Hilliard repeats to Carol his story of Morgan's death and is deeply moved by the evidence of her deep feeling for the supposed dead man. He resolves, however, to continue the deception.

CHAPTER V.—Next day Hilliard gathers from Angela that Carol had always loved Dick Morgan, and while delivering to her a letter supposedly from her former fiancée realizes that his affection is unchanged. His welcome by Doctor Durant, Carol's father, also shakes his resolution to continue the deception, but he conquers it.

CHAPTER VI.—In Syracuse Hilliard is looked upon as a capitalist and mining expert, and in that capacity, in pursuance of his object, interests Cullen in the possibility of wealth in mining properties. The Cullens and Hilliard go to the Durant home for dinner.

"You walk along with me, sir!" said Angela, imperially. "And you'd better behave yourself—I'm fierce!"

At the same moment that he looked yearningly toward Carol, who up ahead by the doorway was already captive to the wily Armstrong, young Rufus Waring was glaring belligerently toward Hilliard.

The masquerade smiled in defeat, then smiled with sudden realization of the woman-child clinging to him. He squeezed her arm out of sheer affection.

"Your gallant cavalier'll cover me with horrid welts and bruises for this!" he said warningly. "Don't make him jealous, now!" They were now bringing up the rear of the procession in the hallway.

"I'll make 'em well again," said Angela. "I am a good nurse, aren't I?" He was convulsed by her air of conquest.

"By the old-fashioned method?" He could hardly believe that this was the girl he had taught to climb trees, and make slingshots.

"I'll—!" She stopped and blushed. The others were all on the steps; these two were in the dusky vestibule. Waring was fretting impatiently outside.

"Would you?" asked Hilliard. He intended only to tease her; but all at once her head came up, and he could see that her eyes were big and soft and frightened. She was hardly seventeen, and to Hilliard she had never ceased to be the child of two years ago. He bent and kissed her; her lips were trembling, expressive.

"Now we've got to hurry," he said. "Come, dear!"

It was the tone he would naturally use to a child, but he had an uneasy feeling that he had used it to a woman. Children's lips aren't expressive. And he had another intuition—still more upsetting to him—which was



He Had Been Observed.

that he had been observed. For on the

threshold of the outer door Carol and Armstrong and Rufus Waring, as though turned back to inquire into the cause of Hilliard's and Angela's delay, were standing.

He could not tell, of course, whether they had actually seen him. It was possible that in the dusk of the hallway he had escaped; certainly there was nothing in the manner of any one of the three, when Hilliard joined them, to convince him one way or the other. But he knew that he was in a critical situation; he knew that to any reasonable person who had seen him at that spontaneous little outburst of sentiment, his motives wouldn't appear to be very opaque.

No, the manner of those three who had stood on the threshold was astonishingly casual. Perhaps too casual. Hilliard frowned, and tried to glimpse their various expressions. Ah! Waring, striding stiltedly ahead, had thunderclouds on his forehead, and as for Carol—

She turned to speak to Armstrong, and Hilliard knew.

For the remainder of the first stage of that walk, he spoke not a word to Angela, who trudged along by his side with God knows what tumults in her bosom. He thought not of Angela, nor concerned himself with the storm he had stirred within her. He was absorbed solely with the puzzle which lay before him, which was to detach Carol as soon as possible, and to explain himself. Otherwise, his reputation was ashes even now.

And, to his unbounded joy, the opportunity came soon—at the end of

the road, where the party halted for a moment, to take a referendum as to the route. Armstrong strayed a yard or two too far, and on the instant Hilliard was at Carol's elbow. She said nothing, nor did he; but when the march was resumed, he was beside her—and beating his brains for an introductory remark. He had to convince her he had been trifling with neither herself nor Angela, and he walked a good furlong before he could devise so much as an opening sentence. At length he cleared his throat.

"I've just decided," he said, "that I'm growing old."

"Yes?" She was immeasurably sweet and distant, and Hilliard's courage faltered.

"I have indeed. I've made a most touching discovery. . . . Do I look grandfatherly, Miss Durant?"

"No; I'd hardly say that."

He made a gesture of gratitude. "You've earned my permanent thanks. But I am growing old. How do I know? Didn't you ever read Leigh Hunt?"

"Just a little." There was a trace of warmth creeping into her voice. Hilliard held his breath:

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Angela kissed me!

He had spoken the lines magnificently, with the precise humor and pathos which go to make them immortal. "I'm glad she fits into the meter," he said thoughtfully, "because I can understand just how Leigh Hunt felt about Jennie."

"And—how do you think that was?"

"Very sensitive," said Hilliard, "and perhaps a little repressed and—decrepit." He smiled reminiscently. "I suppose there are very few things in life that make a man feel more mindful of his own crudity and general worthlessness than to have a child's spontaneous affection." It was the testing venture. She looked at him sideways.

"More than if—if it weren't a child?"

"I think so." His tone was faultless. "A woman can make a man feel like Romeo, but it takes a very young girl to make him feel like Launcelot—at my age."

"She is adorable, isn't she?" His heart jumped at her cordial acceptance of his statement. "Only—she's seventeen, Mr. Hilliard."

"I know," he said gravely. "And that's why I'm so conscious of my own senility. Because all that beautiful innocence and ignorance is doomed, Miss Durant—who knows that I'm not the very last person to see it? Today, I'm only a much older man, some one she likes; tomorrow, I may be a man without the 'only,' and the more she liked me, the less she'd show it. But there's been mighty little of that sort of thing for me in the last few years from anybody, and I do appreciate it, and I'm not ashamed of it, either."

"No," she said, "you couldn't be. You're too human." She smiled at him, and he was transported at the proof of her sympathy. "If I were in your place, I'd want to feel the same way about it."

He thanked her in his heart. He had saved both Angela and himself,

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and held his pristine advantage.

But there was no disputing the fact that he had made an active enemy of Waring, and an alert rival out of Armstrong. He smiled grimly as he looked at the man ahead.

"Mr. Armstrong seems to be very nervous," he said. "Not that I can blame him for wanting to be in my place. On the contrary, I'm sorry for him."

"That shows a very good disposition," she said demurely.

"Perhaps it does, and perhaps it doesn't. I believe every man owes it to himself to get what he wants. If he does, he's a success; if he doesn't—it's his own fault."

As he said this, they came abreast of the others, and Armstrong, who had heard the final sentence, whirled toward Hilliard.

"Regardless of methods?" he demanded.

"Why—to some extent," laughed Hilliard. "Why not?"

Armstrong delayed, so that the two men were a few paces behind the rest of the group. "Is that your regular creed, Mr. Hilliard?"

"My creed isn't composed of words, Mr. Armstrong, but of actions."

They had spoken so quietly that no one perceiving them would have remotely suspected that a challenge had been offered and accepted.

"Actions do speak louder, of course."

"Mine," said Hilliard, "will give you no offense. But—I generally get what I want."

"So do I. Shall we shake hands on it?" Armstrong was very affable, but tremendously in earnest.

"With pleasure. I can count on your generosity, I see."

"And I on your courtesy."

"Thank you." He went complacently forward; but inwardly he was steeped in perturbation. The man was so deadly sure of himself. Could it be that he was tacitly engaged to Carol, in spite of what Angela had surmised, or so nearly on the road to an understanding with her that Hilliard was only making a fool of himself?

Armstrong laughed gently. It was like a dagger thrust in Hilliard's heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

For thirty days Hilliard had listened to the eulogies of his secret self. He had heard from a hundred sources the same belief repeated, that Dicky Morgan, given time and counsel, would have made the city as proud of him for his intrinsic worth as it now was proud of him for his military valor. This praise of Dicky Morgan had at first stunned Hilliard; after that, it had exalted him; still later, it had abased his soul. He had longed,

ceaselessly, during that third period of his introspection, to take the city to his heart, to reveal himself, to answer for Dicky Morgan's failures and to pledge himself anew to the achievement which Dicky Morgan's friends had prophesied; and then he had been overwhelmed by the recollection that he had made this course impossible. If he had only known that all his deceptions were needless! If he had only known that Dicky Morgan could have come home, and been forgiven! What anguish he could have saved—and what repentance! And the problem was still the same—should he continue, safe in his masquerade, to the goal he had set for himself, or should he risk the worst, and save his conscience by renunciation?

By far the most distressing factor in this puzzle was his relationship to Carol Durant. He had seen her only half a dozen times during the month, and never alone—the fates or Armstrong had circumvented him—but he was head over heels in love with her again, and he sensed, from fugitive glances and a stray word or two on her part, that she wasn't entirely averse to him. But what would Carol think if she knew that this grave and tender stranger was hiding behind the wreath of Dicky Morgan—it was a thousand times the worse! If she were ever truly in love with Henry Hilliard, it was impossible!

And then there was little Angela Cullen—

And in addition, there was the serious business of making good; he was no longer impelled to it by resentment, but rather by unadulterated ambition; this, too, he would see destroyed by any admission of his deceit. To continue in the game was to lose his property; to relinquish it was to lose all else; and even now, his joy and pride was contained in precisely those things which he must give up, if he decided to tear off the mask of hypocrisy; and his self-respect was rising out of the mud, of what he never should have done at all.

(To be Continued)

Pharmacy Popular.

Pharmacy is a popular pursuit among the women of South America, according to a Y. W. C. A. leader in that country, because it is a protected profession and is considered womanly. South American girls have not gone into public life and into the business world and the trades as North American girls have and still consider, as a rule, only the so-called protected lines of work. They teach and sew and a few have become typists and stenographers, but most women who take up any profession train for nursing, medicine or pharmacy. Chemistry is also a popular study.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. R. FITZWATER, D. D.,
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Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR JULY 11

JONATHAN BEFRIENDS DAVID.

LESSON TEXT—I Sam. 20.
GOLDEN TEXT—A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity.—Prov. 17:17.
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—I Sam. 18:1-5, 17-30; 19:1-24.
PRIMARY TOPIC—A Story of Two Friends.
JUNIOR TOPIC—David and His Friend.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Friendships That Are Worth While.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Friendship: What It Is and What It Does.

The friendship between Jonathan and David is peculiar in that it occurred between two men of rival worldly interests. Jonathan was the crown prince, the heir to the throne. David was the heir according to divine choice and arrangement. Jonathan knew this and magnanimously waived his natural personal rights to the one whom he knew that God had chosen.

Following the interview of Saul and David after the victory over Goliath, Jonathan's soul was knit with that of David. He loved him as his own soul. While there was mutual love, yet this pleasing trait stands out more in Jonathan than in David, because it meant great loss to him—the loss of the throne, but immense gain to David—the acquisition of the throne to which he had no natural right. The genuine friendship was shown:

I. By Giving to David His Court Robe and Equipment (18:4).

These belonged to Jonathan as the crown prince. Following the love-covenant between them (18:3) Jonathan stripped himself of these and gave them to David. This act was virtual abdication in favor of David. "Love seeketh not her own" (I Cor. 13:5).

II. By Defending David Against the Frenzy of Saul (I Sam. 19:1-6).

According to oriental custom, the women met David and his soldiers as they were returning from their victory over the Philistines, and with singing and dancing they ascribed more praise to David than to Saul. This stirred up the murderous envy of Saul and moved him to a third attempt to kill David. In his third attempt Jonathan defended David before his father and evoked from him the oath that David should not be slain (19:6). Thus he exposed himself to the anger of his infuriated father, for David's sake. When one is willing to lay down his life for another he proves that his friendship is real. "Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John 15:13).

III. By Revealing to David Saul's Murderous Intent (I Sam. 20:30-40).

The beginning of a new moon was celebrated by sacrifices and feasting, at which all the members of the family were expected to be present (v. 5). David's excuse for absence was to go home to attend the yearly sacrifice of the entire family. This annual feast was more important than the monthly feast.

Matters were now so serious that they renewed the covenant between themselves. In its renewal the terms were projected beyond the life of Jonathan (vv. 14, 15). Saul's anger was now so fierce that for Jonathan to be found in company with David was a dangerous thing, so he cleverly plans to give David a sign by which he could know Saul's purpose. We prove our friendship by warning those who are exposed to danger. David's heart responded to Jonathan's love by pledging himself to deal faithfully with Jonathan and his seed forever. Later history proves that this was faithfully carried out (II Sam. 9:7, 8).

Some Observations on Friendship:

1. Friendships should be made while the parties are young—while the hearts are capable of being knit together.

2. Real friends are few; therefore be careful in the formation of the ties of friendship. Friends should be selected. We should love everybody, but we can have but few friends.

3. There should be some variations in the temperaments in those who would be friends. Friendships should be formed for the purpose of mutually helping each other. Both parties, however, must possess real merit.

4. Both parties must be God-fearing. David and Jonathan both recognized their obligation to the Lord and that his help was essential to the welfare of both. Without a deep religious life there can be no friendship. There are times when one party must absolutely renounce his interests in behalf of the other. Genuine love is the basis of all friendship.

Good Impulses.
Few good impulses live long unless they are put to work.

The Glory of Life.
To do the things that can't be done is the glory of life.

Greatest Losses.
The greatest losses are the losses we never observe.

Being Rich or Poor.
We are as rich or as poor as our minds make us.

Character.
Character is a growth from the soil of purpose.

Christ's Claim

By REV. W. W. KETCHUM
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TEXT—He that is not with me is against me.—Matt. 12:30.

Some one has said that the Lord Jesus Christ is the unavoidable One.

By this is meant that one cannot escape his responsibility toward Christ. He must deal with Christ at some time or other, either now or hereafter. If Christ is rejected now as Saviour, he must be met hereafter as Judge.

Why is it that intelligent men refuse to consider the present claim of Christ upon them? Men, who carefully consider and discharge conscientiously other obligations that devolve upon them, often fail to regard the obligation that rests upon them to do something with Christ, who rightly obtrudes himself upon them.

Whether a man likes it or not, he must do something with Jesus Christ. He must either accept Christ by faith as his own personal Saviour or reject him. There is no middle position he can take. Jesus himself settled this when he said: "He that is not with me is against me."

To assume to take a neutral position toward Christ in view of this plain word of his, is to go contrary to Christ's statement of the truth, that there is no neutral ground. Why, then, should one attempt to put off his decision concerning Christ by the sophistry that he is neutral toward him? It is simply an attempt to delay a decision that must be made some day. Christ at once places those who assume this position on the side of those who are against him, and so, though one says: "I refuse to commit myself further than to say I am neutral toward Christ," Christ himself says: "There is no neutral ground, you are against me." The so-called neutral position with this fact so clearly stated is seen to be an untenable one.

There are, then, just two classes of people in the world, those who are against Christ and those who are for him. In which class are you? Are you one who is trusting him as your Saviour and are, therefore, with him, or are you one who has never taken this step of faith and so are against him?

It behooves us to determine definitely our relation to Christ, because so much depends upon it. If it is provident for us to provide for our temporal needs, it is certainly provident for us to make provision for our spiritual needs and these can be met only in Christ. He alone, meeting every spiritual need, satisfies the human heart.

At one time after Christ's resurrection, so we read, he came into the midst of his disciples, the doors being shut. This incident well illustrates how Christ presses his claims upon men. There is no way of shutting him out of one's presence; no doors of life can keep him out. Business may seem to be a door that should shut out from a man the claims of Christ upon him. But try it and see if by immersing yourself in business you can altogether avoid Christ. It may be that you will live your life in business as if there were no Christ, but to thus ignore him does not by any means relieve you of the fact of his existence and his claim on you. He is there, silently there, with you at your business. You date your ledger and your letters in recognition of him. I do not say in honor of him, but in recognition of him, for he is the significance of the date that heads your letter and on your ledger keeps your business transactions so that you can keep track of them.

Then, too, in various other ways and places, as well as in business, Christ evidences himself. The land is dotted with churches and other institutions that speak loudly of him. How can you ignore that verse of Scripture that greeted you today, as you rode in your automobile out on the country highway? You say some religious crank put it there. Well, grant it, but mark you, though a religious crank may have put it there, that which you read is the Word of God and it is vocal with Christ.

On earth there is scarcely a place you can go to get away from the fact that Christ has a claim upon you. He is preached on the street corner, in gospel halls and churches. Go to the islands of the sea or bury yourself among some uncivilized tribe, and if Christ's missionary is not there, he soon will be, for the genius of Christianity is that it is to be preached and the preachers are to go to the uttermost parts of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of Christ's salvation. Mark you well, that to ignore Christ's claim upon you does not relieve you of your responsibility toward him.

Like Our Thoughts.

Day by day we become more like the thoughts within us.